

## SUNDAY MORNING GLOBE

W. J. ELLIOTT, Editor

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Sunday Morning Globe Tel., Main 571-2.

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## SUNDAY GLOBE TELEPHONE.

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The receiver is on the desk at which we write and close to our right ear. The voice of the editor, as is his pen, is at the service of the public at all hours in response to legitimate calls. Do not forget the number—Main 571-2.

## NOTICE!

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W. J. ELLIOTT Editor.

## PERSONAL.

There is an opening and an unusual opportunity for financial investment on The Sunday Morning Globe by a gentleman capable of managing its business department.

Call on the undersigned.

W. J. ELLIOTT.

Two Intelligent Republican Conventions.

There were two Republican State conventions held last week for the purpose of nominating candidates for State offices, viz: the States of Pennsylvania and Virginia.

According to a well known custom, each convention adopted a platform. We want to say something about the Pennsylvania utterance. It is a curious document and devoted to humor. Its allusions to the Republican newspapers that are opposing the Republican machine, and stigmatizing them as Yellow Journals, is stale, and though possibly intended for humorous sarcasm is not good nonsense. The tacit admission of the glaring frauds and outrages charged by those same Yellow Journals deprives the instrument of any semblance of genuine wit.

But it is to the plank relating to labor and capital that we desire to call attention. There is shown the most noted attempt in modern times to ride two horses at the same time, each going in opposite direction. Relating to the strike, it wants to say—and tries to say with as much ingenuity as its framer was capable of—that both sides are right, and it graciously concedes to labor the right to organize that belongs to capital. It is certainly very generous in Pennsylvania Republicans to make such a concession, but the point is altogether lost when it is remembered that for years the Republicans have held a whip handle over the laboring men—skilled or unskilled workmen—and dictated to them how they should vote on election day. In Presidential elections in the past voters have been greeted with placards on going to work thus, if certain candidates were elected when the time came for voting that the plants would close and they would be thrown out of employment. Such methods were not called coercion or intimidation by the more guilty of them, yet they were coercion and intimidation. Let it be said here that men who will influence votes by such means are as morally culpable as the striking laborers who, having left their places of toil, strive by argument to prevent men who don't belong to their organizations from taking the benches they no longer occupy.

This is one phase of the subject not taken into consideration by party managers. Only one rule is spoken of, and is the rule of the men who claim the privilege to make considerations of capital to restrict output and discharge labor, but who do not recognize the right of labor to protect itself by organization. To put it plainly: The Steel Trust claims the right to combine and tie up plants whenever it chooses to tie them up, and to restrict the product of the mills when prices don't suit and thus get rid of labor, but it doesn't propose that labor shall protect itself against such a trust, or against any combinations by an organization of its own. Only one side is allowed to combine, and the other side must work and vote just as the trust declares it shall work and vote.

This view of the situation seems to have escaped the Pennsylvania Republicans when they chide—charily, we admit—the laboring people of its State for striking in the midst of Republican prosperity. If they had struck during Democratic prosperity they would have been hailed as loyal, patriotic citizens, but to presume to strike under the sacred shadow of the Dingley bill is something machine Republicans can not forget or forgive. Therefore, their platform resolves itself into an attempt to arouse the prejudices of Republicans so that the reality of its legislation may be forgotten and its looting of the franchises of the city of Philadelphia may be overlooked and the carnival of corruption go on unchecked.

As to the Virginia convention we shall say nothing of its platform, which amounts to nothing, and only speak of the spirit that moved it. It is said by a morning paper of this city that it was one of the most intelligent Republican conventions ever assembled in the State. It must have been, judging from reports. The poor negro, after giving Republicanism in Virginia almost all it had in the way of party organization, was most cruelly turned down. Somewhere we read an account of a Son of Ham who ventured a mild protest against some ruling, who was immediately silenced by a shout of "Shut up, Nigger," presumably uttered by a very intelligent white delegate of this very intelligent convention. It is also said somewhere that the candidate for governor paid his respects to his colored brethren by saying they had a right to vote but they did not care to hold office, and then, patronizingly, told them they ought to be satisfied with that. Very comforting to colored voters in Virginia.

Another incident occurred showing the high grade of intelligence of the convention and its candidate for governor. When accepting the nomination, he made a personal attack on the Democratic candidates for State offices, and to the candidate for Lieutenant Governor he paid his respects by saying that all that gentleman owned in Virginia was a stable and a bull dog. Over this elegant outburst of eloquence the convention is said to have gone wild, thus proving that what the reporter of the morning paper said was true, that it was by all odds the most intelligent Republican convention ever assembled in Virginia. The candidate who gave voice to this vulgar language is said once to have been a Democrat. If he ever was a Democrat he certainly left his good manners behind him when turning his back on his old friends and his former party principles. He has certainly not improved in dictation since becoming a Republican. His opponent has little to fear if he carries out his threat to visit every county in the State. Unless he improves materially upon his convention performances he will increase the Democratic vote wherever he goes.

We incline to the opinion that the prospects of the party of great moral ideas have not been improved by the two conventions.

## "Them There Papers"

Ohio once upon a time had a politician and office-holder who had never heard of Lindley Murray, nor rested his hopes of salvation on a knowledge of grammatical English. His name was Daniel Dalton, clerk of Hamilton County. In an investigation by the Ohio legislature into certain irregularities in which the clerk was involved, or was a witness, we disremember which, the hub of the matter centered on some missing official documents. These Dalton was summoned to produce, which he finally did with the expression quoted "here is them there papers." The expression became popular (?) and, after the manner of another Ohioan's telegraph dispatch notifying his city of the coming of the governor, was in everybody's mouth, and is used to this day when a recalcitrant is forced to come to time or a "show down."

The man "who looks like Grover Cleveland" was the individual referred to as sending the telegram "Me and the governor" to his native town.

"Me and the governor" and "them there papers" have been adopted into the vocabulary of all good Ohioans who follow politics as a profession, and what good Ohioan is not a professor in this science?

Now, "them there papers" which have been spirited from the files of the War Department, and which are so important to arrive at a proper understanding of the Santiago naval campaign, promise to be even still more historical or notorious than the documents Clerk Dalton cornered, and which he was finally forced to produce by the Ohio legislature.

The original papers mysteriously missing from the files of the War Department establish the fact that Admiral Sampson knew for eleven days previous to the information being imparted to Admiral Schley the exact whereabouts of the Spanish fleet! For these eleven days this high naval officer knew alone this important secret, and even a longshoreman comprehends the importance to Admiral Schley of this fact being brought out before the Naval Court of Inquiry by the production of the original despatches or "them there papers."

Who pilfered these important documents, and when were they stolen? We opine these queries are more difficult to answer than "in whose interests were the papers stolen from the files? Even Admiral Howison, who is trying to force himself on the Court of Inquiry as one of the judges, must admit that his friend Sampson is the man in whose interests "them there papers" were stolen.

But, as this paper printed out in

the very commencement of this Court of Inquiry, the American public had, and has, its mind made up and its verdict recorded where no obliterating thefts can eradicate the facts of the Santiago naval campaign and the respective roles of Sampson and Schley in that unprecedented naval victory, so glorious to the naval annals of our country. We never believed, nor do we now, and developing events justify our judgment, that the victor of Santiago will get the justice his matchless victory deserves at the hands of a Naval Court of Inquiry, under the Administration of President McKinley. Why does his counsel wait in bringing Macley to the criminal bar, where not so much the punishment of the wretch need be the object, as the open, public and searching trial of Sampson, Crowninshield, Long and the Administration clique which, and who have, endeavored to rob a gallant American sailor of the laurels his country's verdict has recorded he achieved off the Bay of Santiago on that memorable Sunday morning when Sampson, who had the only knowledge of the fact that the Spanish ships would come out and fight or run, left the coming battle-ground and steered from its vicinity to a safe distance?

We repudiate any intention of ascribing cowardice to Sampson—there is no such thing and never has been, as a cowardly admiral or officer in our Navy—no, Sampson had other motives than fear of an enemy in a fair stand-up fight. He left the battle-ground with the exclusive knowledge that the Spaniard was coming out to fight. Did he hope Schley would be overwhelmed, lose a few ships, suffer the humiliation of defeat which he, Sampson, like Sheridan at Winchester, would redeem when it looked darkest for the flag of the republic? We have seen such things in the army—our Civil War has instances of this insane and envious jealousy among commanders. Naval chiefs are not free from it, as witness the ungodly and disgraceful persecution of Schley. Remember, the ships, at the very time when the first Spanish ship poked its nose out of the harbor, were holding divine service. Sampson knew the hour and time of these services, and he also knew the Spaniard was coming out and would catch the gallant Schley on his knees! The loss of an American ship, or two, or three, even, provided Sampson redeemed the day, as Sheridan did at Winchester, and this firm continent would rock to the vibrations of delirious cheers for the great American admiral who saved the honor and emblazoned such a stupendous victory on the escutcheon of his country!

Yes; the move was worth trying; the game was worth the risk; the vainglory of the sailor who conceived it was ambition overleaping itself, and this vainglory and envy he demonstrated the possession of when he penned the dispatch to his Government announcing the victory and omitting from the same the name of the hero, Winfield Scott Schley, who fought and won the battle.

And this name, Schley, is immortal for all time, and in the annals of a navy that has never known national defeat in a pitched battle of its fighting ships it is emblazoned, side by side, with our victor sailors from John Paul Jones to George Dewey.

## The Ohio Campaign.

The Republican campaign in Ohio opens at Delaware, Ohio, Sept. 21st, when Hanna, Foraker and Nash will speak their pieces and explain to the assembled Republicans the absence of ex-Governor Bushnell and ex-Secretary Foster. Governor Nash will again go over his signed and written reasons for resigning as trustee of a public institution in the Bushnell administration. Foraker will explain how he sold out to the Hanna-McKinley faction, and Hanna will make a financial report of what it cost. Of the three figures, Foraker is the most contemptible, for, having accepted the price of his own apostasy, he presumes to appear before his outraged followers in an appeal that they too accept Hanna as their prophet, because he, their chief, Foraker, has gotten his price!

This fiery, impassioned leader of the madhouse of the Buckeye Republican party is now an echo of the plated god we have heard him exorcise with a vehemence and intensity that would deceive the devil himself! What will not a man stoop to when his seat in the Senate is the prize for which he sells himself. Hanna has plainly admonished Foraker that it is his fight, and that he must parade him (Foraker) on the stump in Ohio as an awful example to all future or intending recalcitrants from their allegiance to his personal godship of the Republican party. Foraker was the rival Llama of the "Hanna boodle upstarts," as we have heard him designate that crowd. He has bowed down and worshipped that the Senatorial seat may be his, and speaks from the same platform with George K. Nash, who wrote the insulting resignation of his trusteeship to Governor Bushnell: "I can not serve such a dishonest administration as yours," writes Nash, Hanna's lieutenant, to Governor Bushnell. Foraker's lieutenant, political co-partner and peer. Foraker gnashed his teeth at this "insult by such a sneak," and now he is to appear on the stump and ask the Bushnell, and the Foster Republicans to vote for the reelection of Nash and the delinquency of Hanna!

Foraker was so poor when he left the gubernatorial office in Columbus that we took a lot off his hands and paid him more for it than its market value. Bushnell then, as now, was wealthy and generous. His alliance was most desirable in furthering the broken fortunes of Foraker. Foraker never had very much fortune to be broken, it is true, but he had the gubernatorial salary doubled by the legislature during his incumbency, and received the increase on his second term. Foraker always had and always will have an eye to the main point. The only politician in Ohio who thoroughly understood him was dive-keeper Geo. Cox, of Cincinnati. He tried the "double cross" on Cox, but this wily politician, raised in the slums, reduced him to obedience and servility. Foraker's 50-year franchise and his lobbying in the Ohio legislature for the Cincinnati street railways bore "fruit." The "fruit" is still on tap. His son, Captain Foraker, is now a magnet of the foremost street railways, and is a royal guest, member, and so forth of Cincinnati's Queen City Club.

When Foraker made money he endeavored to boss Bushnell and use that open and true-hearted gentleman as a tool, adopting the Hanna methods, which reduced himself to a paid hireling. But Bushnell is incorruptible, a man of convictions, not reachable by crooked roads, bribes or cajolements. Hanna, Foraker and Nash will find this out in November more emphatically than ever. There is not a more shifty bargain-making and bargain-breaking politician in the Republican party than J. Benson Foraker, if we except William McKinley.

The deal is now on—Foraker Senator, Hanna President! But "there is many a slip between the cup and the lip," and the combine will experience the first slip in the fall. The Bushnell and the Foster Republicans of Ohio will not endorse Hanna's candidacy for the Presidency by the reelection of Geo. K. Nash and a Republican legislature to return Foraker to the Senate. The crisis of Hanna's and Foraker's political fortunes is at hand. They must sink or swim together. The irony of fate has made the rival Llamas one god and two persons. Nash has never been regarded as either a small god or large person, hence he is but a brevet member of the trinity and a lip-sided leader on sufferance.

Col. James Kilbourne in the gubernatorial chair and Hon. John R. McLean in the U. S. Senate will be the result of the Ohio political battle, which commences Sept. 21st and ends the first Tuesday in November.

Mark the prediction, all you Ohio G. O. P.'s in the Government Departments, and "flop" or trim your sails accordingly.

Mr. Evans' Department is developing pay dirt, but we have much more serious facts coming.

That horse of Corbin's and that ship of Sampson's had something wrong with their steering gear.

The strike is very inconvenient to the millionaires, inasmuch as it compels them to go on short allowances of a few thousand per diem each.

If every Union general who made "loops" during the Civil War were subjected to a court of inquiry there would be less brevets for "gallant and meritorious service." "Loops" to the rear were of daily occurrence on both sides, but we rallied and "flashed it out" just the same.

There is a Jamaica negro named R. Dregon employed as assistant messenger under the Secretary of War. The American colored veterans are all provided for, so this Jamaican had to be imported. He has been around the past week taking the names of ex-Confederate soldiers employed in the Departments, for promotion. He says he will have them promoted. He didn't recognize a medal of honor ribbon, and took the owner's name and Confederate (?) regiment for promotion.

## CAPT. WURDIMAN.

A Card From Some of His Fellow Employees.

Mr. Editor: As an employee of the Congressional Library permit me to thank you for your exposure of Wurdiman, and I am glad some one has the courage to let the public know at least some of his conduct for more of a jealous schemer does not exist in the Government employment. So plain was that key job, and every finger pointed in the same direction, that we were all in high glee that justice would be done, but it was not. And then it was whispered all over the building that the arch schemer must have an immense pull on the dots on some one, because there is hardly a man or woman in the building who has not had trouble with him and his chief knows it. One of his great complaints is that he has to break everybody in on their work, and he does not, except the disbursing and chief clerks. He has gone so far as to say that he could get men to do their work for \$60 per month. Very important personage, this dust-gathering janitor.

But he is not without a friend or two in his job, for he has his ever-faithful Calhoun and Pat. The former is the most disliked man in the service, for his cringing tale-carrying qualities, and he is ostracized by his fellow watchmen. And now for Mr. Pat, who was pointed out to me. He has a reputation equal to the former. Now, Mr. Editor, this is a sample of Wurdiman &amp; Co., and no matter what trouble they cause there is no redress unless Congress takes a hand, for they will be asked, just as sure and as soon as they come back to Washington.

X. X.

## BALM OF GILEAD.

An Unique Enterprise is the Department News.

## FOLLOWS THE SUNDAY GLOBE

Pouring Oil in the Wounds Inflicted by Our Exposures of Crookedness in the Departments at so Much Per Line and Half Tone—The Gentlemen Write Their Own Biographies and They Are Literary Gems.

The Department News is a unique publication, conducted by several able-bodied surgeons and nurses somewhere on Ninth street N. W.

It is sold only at the office of publication, and is purchased principally by the patients, its staff of St. Jacob's Oil practitioners have healed. This "Balm of Gilead" is always on tap in the office of the D. N. and is applied in quantities to suit the case. If it is an aggravated one the double column half-tone picture of the sufferer is inserted on first page, with an autobiography written by the afflicted one himself. An ordinary case is treated less heroically, and the patient's "cut" is assigned to the inside columns of the D. N. Where the sufferer declines the expense of a half-tone double column, he is treated with editorial oil, and his lacerations healed by the chief surgeon in person.

To be more comprehensive and come down to plain facts, the Department News has a mission, and is energetic and conscientious in the performance of the same. The position of censor on the D. P. is filled by a grave, taciturn and fatherly-looking gentleman of some 45 autumns. His duty as reader and censor is to carefully scan the columns of the Sunday Globe and cut out the names and offices of the officials written up for theft, graft, negligence of duty, or other cause, and paste the same on white slips of paper. These slips are submitted to the chief surgeons and nurses of the D. N. every Monday morning, and a diagnosis is made separately of each case; the treatment or quantity of "oil" determined which the wounds (made by the Globe's writers) require, and then the chief nurse is entrusted with the data with instructions to visit each patient and inform him of the quantity of oil it will take to effect a cure, and the cost of the same.

Thus, in one issue, Machen required a double column cut, and three "sticks" of biography, written by "Gus" himself in his most flamboyant style. Geddes, Lyman et al. consumed large quantities of space, with their cuts and biographies and several extra gallons of oil was poured on their smarting wounds.

In the issue of Saturday last, the D. N. had the following named patients, whom Globe readers will recognize as individuals who have passed under The Globe's circular saw and got cut up, more or less severely: Milton E. Alles, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, first page, half-tone double column; H. Clay Evans, half-tone double column; "Colonel" Crook, stepfather of Priddy, and the President's confidential friend, extra application of editorial oil at the hands of the chief nurse; and Edward B. Moore, the great Patent Office generalissimo and exquisite Beau Brummel, a double column half-tone and an extra long biography, showing himself to be the smartest and greatest freak of luck in any of the Departments in our imperialistic Government.

Mr. Milton Alles describes himself in D. N. as having risen more rapidly to his present position than any other official in the service of the Government. In comparison to Vanderlip's overpowering genius, Alles insinuates that his record and genius are more phenomenal. He acknowledges to being born in Monro, Ohio, a village of 250 inhabitants, of whom 161 hold down State or national offices, the children being too young and the women too lazy to serve the Government, there are 1-1 of them still in the village. Old Ben Le Fevre secured a position for Alles as a messenger. Ben supposed that Alles was a Democrat. Mr. Alles says of himself:

"Personally, I am one of the most genial of men, and not even the 'roasts' of the Sunday Globe can sour my sunny disposition. I have a keen sense of humor, and hence my portrait and autobiography at \$10 per in the D. N. as a stand off to The Globe's adverse criticism of my habit of posing and imitating Vanderlip, an individual, by the way, whom I taught the rudiments of financial science to, and who is as inferior mentally to myself as a coolie Chinaman to Minister Wu."

H. Clay Evans, as he writes it, not liking to be known as "a Henle," hailing, as he does, from the borders of Berks County, Dutchland, Pennsylvania, occupies a double column, with half-tone portrait on the editorial page. After a long-winded account of his parentage, after the usual manner of all autobiographical writers, he finally comes down to his own biography and says:

"After the war, I noticed that there was a world of work to be done in the South, and as the North had enough of idle ex-soldiers, I chose Chattanooga, Tennessee, as the field of my operations. Of course, I had a line on the city, having done all my soldiering as a clerk, in one capacity or another, and Republicans being scarce, I had it all my own way with the 'coons,' and carpet-bagged myself to the front in great shape. I might state it was the only 'front' I was ever at, and I worked it to the Queen's taste. When I

ran for governor, however, although I worked the 'coons' and all the other Federal aids which are utilized by Republicans in the South, the Senate fired me and gave the job of governor to a reconstructed Democrat. Thus I was out of a job, but "Bill" McKinley getting into trouble in Ohio endorsing notes, I came to his assistance, attended the St. Louis convention, and tried to get on the ticket with him. I was bought off with a promise of Commissioner of Pensions, and, for a miracle, "Bill" kept his part of the contract and here I am, the greatest parer of pensions and the most determined enemy of old soldiers who served at the front, this office ever had the honor to be bossed by. The Sunday Globe doesn't know it all. If it did, and published the matter, I would probably have to have the office guarded by militia."

On the same page of the D. N. appears a neatly condensed editorial of Colonel Crook, of the White House, the confidential adviser of "Bill," and incidentally the stepfather of Mr. Priddy, one of Commissioner Evans' clerks. Colonel Crooks is a modest man. He says:

"I called up to see the Department News, and I scarcely looked for such profound respect as you have shown me. I am, of course, conscious of the honor I confer on your shack of an office, but I am not proud, although I have held down a position at the White House and advised every President from Lincoln to McKinley. Now, I like McKinley better than any of his predecessors, and I liked his predecessors better in their several turns as they came and went. I have placed whole families of relatives in office, and notwithstanding the exposure by the Sunday Globe, I landed my stepson in the Pension Office recently. You know, Priddy, gentlemen. He is a most deserving young man, and me and the President and Clay—Evans, you know, will stick to him. Put my name down for two quarts of oil, one for Priddy and the other for myself. I will recommend your paper to the President."

On the fourth page Edward B. Moore modestly contents himself with a single column half-tone; and in 25 lines of autobiography tells the simple annals of his honorable career. He says:

"I have only been 15 years in the Patent Office, and weathered the political changes hands down. They can't lose me. Shepard came between the wind and my nobility. See what I did with him. I'm from Grand Rapids, but I never saw anything too rapid for me. Look at my hair in the cut; wouldn't it jar you? When I was a page in the Senate I made up my mind to be Commissioner of Patents. I haven't reached yet, but I'm next door, and Allen had better look out. Give me a small bottle of oil. The Sunday Globe hasn't cut me up very deep yet, but if it catches on to my curves you will hear from me in a larger order."

Hon. William A. Rodenberg, the recently appointed civil service Commissioner, has a double column half-tone and a brief biographical sketch. Mr. Rodenberg took a small bottle also in anticipation of a "roast," as he says himself, does Mr. Rodenberg:

"I do not know how soon I will need it, you know. The Sunday Morning Globe doesn't like civil service, and, of course, it will moose around until it finds something on us. The D. N. is a great healer of wounds. I understand from the gentlemen who have been treated here, and hence I want to encourage you in the good work. Put up a bottle each for my fellow Commissioners."

What induced Hon. Terrence V. Powderly, our old ex-Pennian fellow patriot, to put in his half-tone, eye glasses and all, we can not understand. Terrence ought to know that the Sunday Globe wouldn't hurt a hair on the top of his head (where he hasn't had any since Secretary-Treasurer John W. Hayes scalped him in the K. of L.), under no consideration. The Globe knows, of course, the huge fack of Terry's job and his swarm of immigration agents, who pool their issues in New York especially, and rake in the long green, yet we are not saying a word, for, if anybody has a special right to loot the Government, it is the men Terry has appointed, as they have been robbed, like all other sons of toil, by every successive Government from Grant to McKinley. No, Terry, you have no occasion to fear the Sunday Globe, as the writer once tried to "loosen" you for a ten-spot and you nobly ignored the request. This estops trifling with you, Terry, besides you suffered enough as Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, under its fighting secretary-treasurer.

The Department News is a four-page copper-backed little sheet, brought into the world by the prince of newspaper hucksters, Old Man Vaughan, and prevented from departing this life for the newspaper graveyard owing to its being a case of suspended animation—too weak to die and not strong enough to kick, and hence its sign of "soothing syrup on sale for Department rascals and rascality, shown up by the Sunday Globe."

We do not object to playing lion for our jackal contemporary, but it ought in fairness "divy" with the proceeds of its sale of oil, for should The Globe cease from exposing the crookedness of the Departments and Department officials, the Department News, like Othello, would find "its occupation gone."

It has been semi-officially announced that the boycott of organized labor on Cabin John's Bridge will be declared off to-morrow (Monday) evening, and this popular resort again be the favorite place for union labor.

## THE PRINTERS

Whom Uncle Sam is Sending to the Philippines.

## PERSONNEL OF THE PARTY

And the Installation of a Government Printing Office at Manila—Names and Records of the Men Expatriating Themselves for the Benefit of the Filipinos—The Positions They Will Fill, Etc.

The question "Who is going to the Philippines?" agitating circles typographical for months past, is to-day answered, when The Globe publishes the following list, selected by the Insular Division of the War Department from a formidable array of applicants from nearly every State in the Union: John S. Leech (Illinois), superintendent of printing.

Edwin C. Jones (Kansas), chief clerk.

George A. Tracey (Illinois), operator.

E. E. Gessler (Ohio), proof-reader.

James Hagsbeth (Nebraska), make-up.

Milton L. Roberts (Indiana), foreman of press-room, and Fred Powers, electrician.

This force, to be followed two months later by a corps of compositors, will install a complete printing plant at the capital of the new possessions of Uncle Sam. All of the machinery has been thoroughly enameled to withstand climatic conditions. In addition to the printing outfit proper, the War Department has purchased binding, electrotyping and photo-engraving outfits complete in every detail. In the press-room will be found four modern Mellich presses, two medium Gordons, a Carver &amp; Swift embossing press, and Harris automatic envelope press. Wherever possible, these machines are equipped with automatic folders. Advances from Manila are to the effect that there will be "a job in the shop" on their arrival, an enormous amount of printing having accumulated.

Mr. Leech, who will enjoy the distinction of being the first Public Printer to the Philippines, was born in Bloomington, Ill., where he attended the public schools and the State Normal University. He was appointed to a position in the Government Printing Office in May, 1889, and has acceptably filled the positions of compositor, the job and piece divisions, proof-reader and press reviser. On April 12, 1897, he was promoted to the foremanship of the Fifth Division, which he leaves to accept the position in the Eastern Hemisphere. Mr. Leech represented Columbia Typographical Union No. 101 at the Louisville Convention, of the International Typographical Union in 1894, and was again elected to the Detroit Convention in 1899, being chairman of the delegation. He is a member of B. B. French Lodge, No. 15, F. A. A. M.; Washington R. A. Chapter, No. 2; Washington Commandery, K. T. No. 1; Almas Temple, Mystical Shrine; Superior Lodge, No. 27, K. of P., and Ascalon Temple, D. O. K. K.

Edwin C. Jones, his associate, was born in Marionethshire, North Wales, in 1867, coming to this country with his parents when quite young. He learned his trade in Utica, N. Y., joining the union there as an apprentice member. After subbing on the Utica Observer for a short while, he went West, locating at Emporia, Kans. He came to Washington in 1890 and went to work in the Government Printing Office, but resigned, after completing a law course in this city, and again went West in 1896. Returning to Washington a year later, he was shortly afterwards made foreman of the Second Division, G. P. O. On July 28, 1898, Mr. Jones was elected president of Columbia Union, and at the expiration of his first term was re-elected without opposition. His administration of the office was marked by great ability and crowned with most substantial successes. Largely through his management, the printers and bookbinders employed in the Government Printing Office saw the fruition of their efforts and struggles of more than 20 years—the restoration of the scale of wages to \$4 per day. In 1900 Mr. Jones was elected a delegate to the International Typographical Union, being chairman of the committee on laws of that body.

George A. Tracey is well known in this city, having been for many years foreman of the Post, for two years assistant and three years foreman of the Congressional Record. He has served two terms as president of Columbia Union, and represented the local union in the parent body at the Kansas City Convention in 1888.

E. E. Gessler is almost as favorably known in musical circles as typographical, being secretary of the Musicians' League and a cornetist and violinist of no mean ability. He has of late been employed as a proof-reader on the Washington Times.

These gentlemen, recognized experts in their respective vocations, sail from San Francisco September 16th on the transport Warren.

## Serious Charge.

The charge of Mrs. Payne, the wife of an employee of the Columbia Brick Yards in Alexandria, of criminal assault against William Pettit, is remarkable insofar that it happened in Virginia and that no killing has been recorded up to date.